

In the Zone

Futuristic

We feeling good, we feeling right
Do eastside go harder than southside, you fucking right
You know that we go hard
Down from the Bronx, to the cars, to the bars
If you just like me, lemme, lemme, hear
Everybody here, please just scream out
I'm in the zone, I'm in the zone, yeah
Yo, yo, I'm in the zone, like two three
Hot flow, like a jet in a jacuzzi
Who's he? That's a dumb question, it's that nigga Futuristic
Kicking it with all the bitches, like Bruce Lee
Shiting on a young groupie, stomping on them with my two feet
Rapper's raps go, brapt, like Uzi
Don't Snoop baby, I'm a Dogg
Fugis, then watch out for two G's, yeah, I got a few feet
Bottle of Ciroc, diamonds for the cool team
Blue jeans, with a shoe string, niggas ball like hoop teams, oh we
Groupies, all these niggas getting mad, get a two piece
He gon' need some new teeth
Probably sue Nicki for the wood so she screw me
Cross-faded acting all goofy, 'bout to stop at QT
Bout to bop a QT, Only God can judge me and he looking like Judy
Ah, bitch

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It's Collins
Real niggas do real things
Fly niggas do fly shit
Bad bitches get fucked hard
While we listening to my shit
Oh shit, I done lost it
Flow sick, dirty faucet
I'm a boss, shit
Where the boss, bitch, fine as hell
And you ain't seen him, nigga you blind as hell
I mean I might as well, go ape shit, right?
It's complicated, y'all basic life
You make basic moves, you fuck basic hoes
If Lil B more bass, then you basic bro
I mean face it bro you in, last place
Might as well jump on my bandwagon
I'm so sincere and I ride for my city
Representing Arizona out in Manhattan
Real shit

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C-H-I-E, what?
I don't give a mother F-U-cock
Yeah, I'm from the planet of Mars
If young nigga got bars, then your hollering out pre-paid
Got your girl giving BJ's, she's with Victoria's Secret
That's when I take her out of PJ's
Got her yelling out, please, J
But, I'm just putting in work and my first name's Felipe
I'm in the zone nigga, don't forget that A though
I'm in AZ, the heat crazy
But we working for these pesos
I take Daytons say, case closed
Walking with a crown and a fat stack
I got real bros, I got real hoes
You got fake ones

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